

THE  
CONVERTED CATHOLIC.

---

EDITED BY FATHER O'CONNOR.

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**"When thou art converted, strengthen thy brethren."**

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VOLUME XV.

JANUARY TO DECEMBER 1898.

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JAMES A. O'CONNOR,  
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"When thou art converted, strengthen thy brethren."—Luke xxii: 32.

Vol. XV.

JANUARY, 1898.

No. 1



## EDITORIAL NOTES AND COMMENTS.

### THE CONVERTED CATHOLIC.

A MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

Specially designed for the enlight'nenment of Roman Catholics and their conversion to Evangelical Christianity.

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CONTENTS.	PAGE.
Portraits of Children.....	2
EDITORIAL NOTES.....	3
Salvation for All.....	4
Come Back to Christ.....	4
CONVERTS FROM ROME.....	5
Christ's Mission Services.....	6
Good Work of Former Priests.....	8
From Altar to Pulpit.....	9
Twelve Years in a Monastery.....	10
Converted Jesuits' Good Work.....	12
Religious Freedom in Peru .....	12
No Anglican Pope.....	13
Roman Catholics Styled "Foreigners".....	13
Rome and Tammany in New York.....	14
Dangers from Jesuitism.....	16
A Doorkeeper in the House of the Lord, with Portrait—Interesting Incidents in his Career—His Love of the Poor—His Zeal and Christian Experience—Funeral Service Prayer by Rev. Dr. King—Rev. Dr. Burrell's Address—Rev. Dr. John Hall's Prayer—Address of Rev. Dr. Myers—Three in Heaven, One on Earth—Letter from Mr and Mrs Moody—The Border Lands...17-26	17-26
Conversion of Roman Catholics.....	27
Going Over to Rome.....	29
Good Work in France.....	30
A Christian Soldier's Death.....	31
Christ's Mission Debt .....	31
A Good Magazine.....	32

THE CONVERTED CATHOLIC begins its fifteenth year with this issue, and it is the earnest hope and fervent prayer of all who are interested in the work it is doing that this year may be its best. The editor has been passing through deep waters, but the morning light is breaking, the darkness disappears, and this work of faith and labor of love is resumed with a heart made strong in the Lord by His chastening love. "I besought the Lord," says Paul, "and He said unto me, My grace is sufficient for thee; for My strength is made perfect in weakness." (2 Cor. xii., 9).

With faith in God stronger than ever, with a purified heart and face to the light that shines from heaven, and with earnestness and consecrated zeal, we hope to make the magazine more useful and helpful this year than it ever has been. And, thanks be to God, its readers say it has been helpful to them in the development of the Christian life, and in growth in grace and in the knowledge of God. "Wherefore I will not be negligent to put you always in remembrance of these things, though ye know them, and be established in the present truth." (2 Pet. i, 12.)

**SALVATION FOR ALL.**

In previous issues of THE CONVERTED CATHOLIC we published texts of Scripture—"WHAT JESUS SAID," showing the way of salvation for all believers according to the mind of Christ. The subject was not exhausted by any means, though there were several hundred texts quoted. With the same object in view, this year we shall give the sayings of the Apostles and other inspired writers and the disciples and followers of the Lord setting forth the way of eternal life for all who desire to be Christians.

We begin with the testimony of her who was the mother of Jesus according to the flesh, and whom our former friends in the Roman Church address as the mother of God. They do not know that the Godhead could not have an earthly mother. Mary never claimed such honors and dignities as Rome has decked her with, and she would be the last person to say that she was the mother of the Divinity.

## MARY SAID :

My soul doth magnify the Lord, and my Spirit hath rejoiced in God my Saviour.

And His mercy is on them that fear Him from generation to generation.

Luke i: 46, 47, 50.

Whatsoever He saith unto you, do it.

Luke xi: 5.

## ZACHARIAS SAID :

And thou, Child, shalt be called the prophet of the Highest: for thou shalt go before the face of the Lord to prepare His ways;

To give knowledge of salvation unto His people by the remission of their sins;

To give light to them that sit in darkness and in the shadow of death, to guide our feet into the way of peace.

Luke i: 76, 77, 79.

**Come Back to Christ.**

The Paulist Fathers and the Jesuits are running a race to catch the wealthy Protestants of New York city, especially those of the Episcopal Church, and the rivalry is not a friendly one. The Jesuits laugh scornfully at some of the Paulist "converts," such as Miss "Susie" Swift, the Salvation Army lass, who is now working on tracts that should be called "Traps for Protestants," at the Paulist headquarters. Those who knew Miss Swift during her connection with the Salvation Army were not surprised when she went over to Rome, but they predict she will not remain long on her knees praying to the statues of St. Mary, St. Bridget and the thousand and one other "saints" that the Church of Rome invokes with supplication and groaning. Her old Army friends are amused at her attitude before the statues and pictures as she strikes her breast and ejaculates: "I beseech Thee, O holy St. Joseph, or St. Mary, or St. Patrick, to pray for me." They think her spiritual life would be quickened and her growth in grace and in the knowledge of God increased if she had cried from the depths of her heart: "Lord Jesus, be merciful to me, a sinner!"

Our prayer is that she and all others who have been led astray by the false doctrines of the Roman Church may come back to Christ, who said: "Him that cometh to Me I will in no wise cast out."

I come, O blessed Lord, to Thee,  
I come to-day;  
I am no longer satisfied  
To stay away.

I will not wait until my life  
Like Thee shall grow;  
I'll come at once; I know I've sinned;  
I'll tell Thee so.

It is enough for me to know,  
Thou wilt receive  
And cleanse my heart from every sin,  
If I believe.

## C CONVERTS FROM ROME.

A BUSINESS man of St. Paul, Minn., a well beloved friend, sends us the following account of his conversion:

In the November CONVERTED CATHOLIC I notice a touching reference to a remarkable letter you received from a Roman Catholic. In this letter he is trying, in his good, warm-hearted way, to carry your mind and heart back to days that have gone by. God bless this dear brother, wherever he may be. He meant well, but his zeal is without knowledge. I feel like answering this brother something like this: God bless you, my dear brother, and may He take all desire for *man-made* religion from you. I was born and raised a Roman Catholic like this dear brother, and was very zealous for everything that pertained to the system of Rome—in fact I knew nothing else. I will say now that I thank God that there was always imbedded in my soul a desire for communion with God. I remember when a child, when I was sent to herd cattle, I would go under a tree and kneel and pour out my heart to God in prayer. I do not know why I did so. My father and mother prayed after a set form. I did not do so; I only asked Him to make me His little boy. I never shall forget how He would come near to me at such times and make my heart glad.

This was before I was led astray with the tricks of the Roman Church. I then began to study the Catechism, and instead of the priest telling me about this invisible power I had met under the tree, he spoke about sacraments, confession, communion and confirmation. I went through the drill and confessed, communed, and was confirmed, etc.

What was the result? I lost the blessed sweet presence of Him who

used to make my heart glad under the tree. I was not even told that I might expect Him to draw near to me. I was told to ask the Virgin Mary to intercede for me. I was not wise enough to remember that I had been in close communion with Jesus a few years before. So I went on in that way until I was 26 years old. I thank God that He never let me forget the sweet days gone by when He communed with me under the tree. It was nineteen years ago, after listening to Mr. Moody preach one of his simple sermons, bringing in some case very similar to my own, that I was set to thinking of the years gone by and those sweet moments I used to spend with Jesus under the tree. I went immediately home to my room, kneeled down alone with God, told Him that I was the little boy who used to pray to Him under the tree many years ago when herding the cattle; that I was now old and full of sin, and wanted Him to forgive me all and to come to me again with His presence. I shall never forget that night as I offered myself anew to Jesus with all my sins. He came to my soul with a burst of glory which filled my soul with joy and the room with light. All I could say was: Glory to God! Glory to Jesus! I am saved! I am saved! This is what the Church of Rome had deprived me of for these many years. Oh, that the Pope of Rome could know that Jesus can and does reveal Himself to individual hearts, and that priests are standing in the way of precious souls. I hope my well meaning brother will read my experience and go on his knees to Jesus alone with all his sins. If he does he will arise up with his heart full of gladness. He would not then wish to see Father O'Connor on his knees confessing his sins to a priest when the Great High Priest is at his right hand. C.

## CHRIST'S MISSION SERVICES.

AN ADDRESS DELIVERED BY MR. JOHN BOND, A CONVERTED CATHOLIC LAWYER, SUNDAY EVENING, DECEMBER 26, 1897.

**T**HE guiding star of this Mission is absent to-night for the first time in many years since services have been conducted in this chapel. We know of the great affliction that he and his dear wife have suffered so very recently, and we can understand why they do not wish to spend Christmas at home, where, for so many happy years they had seen their child grow up, to be snatched away from them in the sudden and tragic manner in which he was called away.

Mr. O'Connor has asked me to address a few words to the meeting to-night; and although I feel that I am not equal to the task, I have gladly consented. I trust that, under the circumstances, you will overlook the imperfections of my address, and show me the indulgence for which I beg you.

I am not used to addressing religious meetings; and in what I am going to say will confine itself to an argument, "Why I believe that the Church which to-day calls itself the Catholic and Universal Church has, in the light of history and Christian tradition, no right to the title." I will further endeavor to show that the term Protestant, as a word, extends or dates back only a few centuries, but as a living force Protestantism is as old as Christianity itself.

To establish this proposition, I intend very briefly to review a few facts in the history of that Church which, I believe, show conclusively that the Roman Church of to-day is not the Catholic Church of ancient times. That Church was in its pristine vigor when the apostles and their successors kept the spirit of Christianity and pure religion fresh among the churches.

The first time the Roman Catholic

Church departed from truly Christian traditions, and from the teachings of the Bible—I do not say the first time, but one of the first times, to be correct historically—was the time when the Church resolved in Council to deny to the laity the use of the chalice in communion. This provoked among the nations of Europe a great protesting, and in one country a profound religious revolution. The movement for a truly Christian communion was crushed out by the Roman Catholic Church, not as a Church, but by means of the State powers, which at those times were at the disposal of the Roman Catholic Church. The most conclusive proof that it does not represent the Church of Christ lies in its modern spirit, and above all, in the acceptance of a dogma which had been resisted by the Christian people for ten centuries or more. I mean the dogma of papal infallibility. If you will read the history of the times immediately preceding the promulgation of that dogma, you will find that a very respectable majority of all the bishops in the Roman Catholic Church were opposed to accepting the dogma, for that dogma meant the destruction of what was one of the greatest beauties of the old Catholic Church, its simple democratic form of government, its councils, in which free speech was always guaranteed to all who were entitled to speak at them; and whatever resolution, whatever dogma was decreed at such a time, it came, not from one man, but from the sense of a majority, and those who were elected by the various churches to attend such a synod, and who acted in the interest of their churches, and of the Church at large, and whose deliberations were made under the Divine guidance.

That one stroke, that idolatry, which prevails in the Roman Catholic Church to-day, swept away all that beautiful structure, which had been growing in the Church for years. That dogma established the infallibility of one man. It does away forever with councils and synods; and the voice of Christians united under Divine guidance exists no longer.

I cannot understand how a Roman Catholic, if he carefully reads the traditions of his own church, if he studies, however slightly, the history of the early days of the Catholic Church, can remain of the opinion that the modern Roman Church has anything in common with that grand old Catholic Church, which had in it the elements of godliness.

Another sure sign that the Roman Catholic Church of to-day has drifted away, and is drifting away fast from its own ancient traditions, is to be found in the fact that Christ is overlooked and ignored as the Mediator between God and man; and that contrary to all Scripture and all the traditions of the Church, certain saints are elevated in the place of God, and a worship is paid to them which should never be paid to any human being. We read to-day in this country, where the Church is careful to hide her more offensive features, of a great deal of worship that is paid to St. Joseph. Mr. O'Connor, in the last number of his magazine, stated this only too well when he said that the Jesuits were striving to have the immaculate conception of St. Joseph made an article of faith.

We are constantly exhorted in Catholic prayer-books to pray to St. Joseph. I ask you what Christ would have said if He was on earth and some one should come to Him in the name of St. Joseph. Would He not make a reply like that, when He was importuned to do something for the sake of

his brothers? I believe it is an extremely sad state of affairs in the Roman Catholic Church that the one saint, who was in modern times declared to be a Doctor of the Church, and thus placed on the same dignity with the great teachers of the Church in olden times, was the Italian monk Liguori. This is the modern uncatholic Church.

You will find in reading the history of St. Liguori that he represents all of those things which lead Christians away from the intercession of Christ, and pervert their prayers into channels where they do not belong. That man has been made a Doctor of the Church.

If we know what it meant in olden times to be declared a Doctor of the Church, when we remember St. Augustine and other men of the sincerest Christian piety, it must come to us like a shock, like a feeling of shame and degradation, to think that this saint is placed precisely on the same pedestal where these great teachers of the Church stand.

Another sign which, I believe, shows that the Roman Catholic Church of to-day is abandoning its own traditions, and flying in the face of the express teachings of Scripture, is the Catholic doctrine of purgatory, for which, as we know, there is no warrant in the Scriptures, and no trace of it in the writings of the early fathers.

Whenever a doctrine was forced upon the Church, you will notice a rebellion, a spirit of protest. This found its most magnificent climax in what we term the Reformation. The Reformation brought Protestantism; but, as I said before, long before the Reformation there was the spirit of Protestantism ever acting and ever living.

A few days ago I visited Mr. O'Connor, and he showed me a letter which I think was very remarkable and very encouraging. It was from a nun in a

Catholic convent at ——. In it she expressed this sentiment, that the Roman Catholic Church is not the true Church, and that she feels that the doctrine Mr. O'Connor preaches in his magazine is the true Catholic doctrine. She desires Mr. O'Connor to write her, and also to send his magazine. That is a straw which shows where the wind is blowing from. I have no doubt but this nun means to be a good Christian; and in her search for truth, she feels that she is in the wrong place. Thus, I say there have been always, and there are now, and always will be, in all parts of the world, those who are within the ranks of the Roman Catholic Church protesting against what they see is wrong, and who will leave that Church for the sake of the truth.

### Good Work of Former Priests.

Last month we received letters from many of the former priests who had made Christ's Mission their home in coming out of the Roman Catholic Church, and who are now preaching the Gospel of the Son of God in various fields.

REV. A. LAMBERT.

Father Lambert, the former Redemptorist priest, who was one of the greatest orators of the sons of Liguori, is very successful in his work as a Wesleyan minister in Jamaica, West Indies, and from the reports that appear in the local press his ministry is highly appreciated. His learning and eloquence command attention, and the message from God that he delivers comes from a devout mind and believing heart. He says his heart goes out in sympathy and love to all in Christ's Mission at the departure of his young friend Luther, but he knows he is safe from life's corroding care. Our beloved brother has also passed through deep waters re-

cently, but the God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, whose Gospel he preaches so faithfully, has comforted him.

DON MANUEL FERRANDO.

Father Ferrando, the Spanish priest who came to Christ's Mission from South America in 1895, and who after a course of study in Princeton and Union seminaries, returned to the "neglected continent" last year, is greatly encouraged in his work in Caracas. We received a letter from him, dated December 20, 1897, in which he says: "While writing this I was interrupted by the advent of one of my former friends who was with me in the monastery at Barranquilla, Colombia. He is a sincere man, and I expect the best results from his visit. I ask your prayers for him."

Further intelligence regarding this monk is given by Rev. T. S. Pond, who is a co-worker with Father Ferrando in Venezuela, in a letter dated December 30. The best of all books, the Bible, has been placed in the hands of this monk, and under the instruction of Father Ferrando and Dr. Pond, and by the power of the Holy Spirit whom the Saviour promised to send to every honest inquirer for the truth, he will become a useful missionary to the people of South America.

JACKIMOWICS AND MILANESI.

Equally good news comes from other brethren who had been at Christ's Mission and are now laboring in the home field. Rev. T. Jackimowics, the converted Polish priest, is prospering in his work as a Baptist missionary in Buffalo, N. Y., and many of his countrymen have been converted. The gentle Italian priest, Antonio Milanesi, is also working in Buffalo among his countrymen.

## MONSIGNOR BOULAND.

Professor Leon Bouland, who had occupied a distinguished position in the Roman Catholic Church as a priest and private chamberlain of Pope Leo XIII., and who became a Protestant several years ago, has returned to New York, and is at present a guest of Christ's Mission. He purposes to enter upon a work of education in this city, and as he is a highly accomplished gentleman, his lessons in the French language and lectures on the literature of that country will, we hope, draw many friends around him.

Mr. James T. McGovern, the former Paulist, whose reasons for leaving the Roman Catholic Church and withdrawing from the Paulist Society appeared in THE CONVERTED CATHOLIC last July, will soon enter Crozer Seminary, Chester, Pa., to prepare for the ministry.

## A MARONITE PRIEST.

From the Orient there came to Christ's Mission last month a Maronite priest who speaks only Arabic and a little French. He is learning English rapidly, and in time he expects to be a missionary to the Syrians in this city. He bears letters of recommendation from Rev. Dr. Jesup and other missionaries in Syria. A word of encouragement, an earnest pointing of the way to Christ and a helping hand in the hour of need greatly strengthen those men while learning to walk in the Christian way of life. With faith in God and pluck and perseverance this Maronite brother will succeed.

In all the experiences of Christ's Mission work there has been none more singular than a letter received last month from a nun who signs herself "Mary Magdalene." We ask our readers to pray for this poor lady whose heart is breaking within convent walls. We cannot publish her letter, or say more of her case at present.

## From Altar to Pulpit.

In the preface to his admirable pamphlet "From the Roman Catholic Altar to the Protestant Pulpit," the Rev. Francis Watry, of Clayton, California, says: "I have not intentionally written a word to hurt the feelings of any one, and if I have failed in that respect I beg the reader to regard it as a mistake of the head rather than of the heart. 'I have never willingly planted a thorn in any man's bosom,' are the words of one whose memory is dear to every American heart. That appears to me as a part and parcel of true religion." Judged by this standard there is no true religion in the Roman Catholic Church, which persecutes all who are opposed to it, especially converted Catholics. It not only seeks continually to plant thorns in their bosoms, frequently using Protestants as its agents, but it would plant daggers in their hearts if it could.

The spirit of Mr. Watry's pamphlet is the right one from a religious point of view, and that is the reason we so heartily commend it to our readers. Many articles from his pen, breathing the same spirit, have appeared in THE CONVERTED CATHOLIC, and the best, we think, appears this month. As our readers will remember, Father Watry withdrew from the Roman Catholic Church when he was a pastor in Oregon in 1893, and soon afterwards entered the Congregational Seminary at Oakland, Cal., from which he was called to a church of the denomination. He has been pastor of the church at Clayton, Cal. The price of the little book—so well written and so neatly printed that it is a pleasure to the eye as well as a delight to the mind and heart—is only ten cents; and it can be had of the author or at the office of this magazine. No better pamphlet could be put into the hands of Roman Catholics.

**TWELVE YEARS IN A MONASTERY.**

THE London *English Churchman*, December 9, 1897, has a review of a work just published by Messrs. Smith, Elder & Co., London, entitled "TWELVE YEARS IN A MONASTERY," by Joseph McCabe (lately Father Anthony, O. S. F.)," which is in many ways so remarkable that we make no apology for reproducing the article in full, as follows :

This narrative of the remarkable life of a remarkable man will make a deep impression on the public mind, and do valuable service in the interests of Protestant truth. It is not, happily, a sensational autobiography, though, for the matter of that, it is full of stirring incident, and secures the attention of the reader to the last page. The author is a man of scholarly tastes, and his chapters bear the impress of deep thought and profound conviction. The volume presents a wholesome contrast to several autobiographies from the pens of converts to Protestantism within the past twenty years. The temperate spirit in which the author deals with the evils of the Church of Rome will disarm the hostile criticism of his opponents. He marshals an array of the most damaging errors and corrupt practices of the system he has happily renounced, and forbears to weaken his case by denunciatory comments. The plan of the book is logical in its conception and evolution, and the convert traces step by step his history from his "Vocation" to his "Secession." The insight into the nature and working of Rome's monastic orders afforded in these pages by an authority qualified alike by birth, education, and superior intelligence to write on the subject, cannot be too highly appraised. The Church of Rome is unveiled by a master hand. The sources of information drawn upon are beyond challenge.

Matters personal to eminent Roman Catholic dignitaries are to be found throughout the book, and we do not see how some of these can fail to force the hand of certain ecclesiastics, though, should they be indiscreet enough to reply, our author's skilful pen may safely be left to vindicate what he has published. Referring to "Cardinal" Vaughan, he states that in Salford that prelate was not popular, "as he is not popular in the South," with his clergy. An unfavorable contrast is drawn between Dr. Vaughan and his predecessor at Westminster. The former, Mr. McCabe writes, "had the misfortune to step into the shoes of a great man, and he has, perhaps, acted unwisely in endeavoring to tread in his predecessor's footsteps too closely, instead of confining his attention to the administration of his diocese. The intense activity, which has kept him on the move since he entered the diocese, and which has so rapidly aged him, has had little or no palpable result, and has certainly not deepened the attachment of his clergy. His predecessor remained day after day in his little room at Carlyle Place ; the world came to him and sought his influence. Yet, with all his activity, and the perpetual fluttering of aristocratic wings in his vicinity, he cannot give the financial aid to his clergy which his predecessor did." We are told that, in the face of all the loud boasting about the progress of "Catholicism" in England, the actual condition of the Roman Catholic cause is anything but satisfactory to Dr. Vaughan. Thus :—"The actual condition of Catholicism in London is a matter of anxious discussion, even in clerical circles. Grave doubts are expressed as to whether the Church is making any progress at all in England; and this is especially true of London.

Catholic journals are not unlike Egyptian monuments: they write large (and in good round numbers) the conquests of the Church, but they do not see the utility of chronicling its losses. Of converted Anglicans they can speak in warm terms; of seceding priests they are silent—until some other cause brings them into public notice, when they publish a series of reckless attacks upon them, and refuse to insert their explanations. Once or twice, however, notices of meetings have crept in, at which the opinion has been maintained by priests that the Church is really losing, instead of making that miraculous progress which the average layman believes. Great numbers of Catholics believe that as soon as the Church of England is disestablished, and thus thrown directly upon the support of the people, it will vanish almost immediately. I once heard Bishop Patteson explaining that it was undesirable to work for disestablishment just yet, because we Catholics had not nearly sufficient accommodation for the vast flood of converts that would ensue; we should be quite disorganized. In point of fact there should be now about a quarter of a million Catholics in London. Throughout England the ratio of the Catholic population is about one in twenty, but it is much higher in Lancashire, much lower in London and other places. In Cardinal Manning's time the figures were vague and disputable. When Cardinal Vaughan came down in a hurricane of zeal a census was made of the archdiocese; but the exact figures only established the pessimistic theory. It was thought that Catholicism did not really know its strength, and that it would be well to proclaim its formidable statistics to the world; but when the result of the census was known it was whispered, indeed, from mouth to mouth, but with a caution, that the Cardinal did not wish to see it in print.

He need not have feared: the Catholic press has too keen a sense of its duty (and of its financial dependence on the clergy) to insert such compromising matter. I have not seen the exact figures—I do not suppose they ever passed the Archbishop's study in writing—but I was informed by several reliable priests that out of the small Catholic population of London, between 70,000 and 80,000 never went near a church—had practically abandoned the Church." In Germany and the United States, Rome is making progress; in Spain "its influence is a mere ghost of its former power;" in France various causes are daily enfeebling it. In former days, our author observes, home losses were compensated by Missionary conquests. It is not so now. Rome's "paltry Missionary profits are little more," he says, "than financial transactions," and adds: "I have spoken with missionaries from every one of the great fields, and they all confirm the opinion. On public platforms, of course, they deliver set speeches, at the end of which a collection is made; but in the general atmosphere of the sitting-room afterwards they unbend, and unequivocally represent 'conversions' of natives as money matters."

We have left the book to speak for itself on many matters of no small public interest, believing that its study, as a whole, will deal one of the most practical blows at the progress of the Papacy in England which that system has received since the issue of Mr. Purcell's damaging memorials of Henry Edward Manning. A cheap edition of Mr. McCabe's volume ought, in due course, to be placed in the hands of the people.

The circulation of this book in America will also do good. The price is \$2.50.

Please renew your subscription to THE CONVERTED CATHOLIC for this year, 1898.  
THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY  
NEW YORK

### A Converted Jesuit's Good Work.

**T**HE activity of the converted Jesuit priest, Count von Hoensbroek, is worthy of all praise. As our readers know, this German nobleman was for fourteen years a member of the Jesuit society, one of their most zealous and devout priests, honored and flattered on account of his talents and family connections. It was a great blow to the famous society when such a man left them, and their wrath was kindled into fury when he gave his reasons for denouncing them. For the last four years he has continued the good work of exposing them and demonstrating to the world that the Jesuits are the enemies of God and of human society. He has been equally active in denouncing the gross superstitions of the Roman Catholic Church and calling the people to come out of that corrupt system of so called religion. **THE CONVERTED CATHOLIC** has published many of his articles, and this new year we hope to publish his latest pamphlet, which is referred to in the *New York Evening Post* of November 11, 1897, as follows:

The Pamphlet holds its historical position in Germany, and nothing is quite equal to it as a source of information on the questions of the day and the more hidden currents of contemporary civilization. Such publications as Count von Hoensbroek's "Religion oder Aberglaube? Ein Beitrag zur Charakteristik des Ultramontanismus" (Berlin: Walther) will make most readers stare with amazement at the amount of superstition of the crudest kind still prevalent among a large portion of one of the most civilized nations of the world. The author, a former pupil of the Jesuits, holds Ultramontanism and Jesuitism responsible for the perpetuation of the worst superstitions among the people. He furnishes abundant evidence of the credence and support given by the Ultramontane press and of the high Church dignitaries to the notorious, preposterous, and scandalous "revelations" concerning freemasonry by the

mysterious Diana Vaughan and by Leo Taxil, the latter (since April, 1897) a self-confessed impostor; he also dwells at length upon the teachings of the Church concerning demonology and Satanism. Among the most astounding productions of modern divines are the "Purgatory" and "Hell" of J. Bautz, docent at the Academy of Münster (1883), from which quotations are given.

### Religious Freedom in Peru.

**W**E have published many articles referring to the persecution of Protestants and converted Catholics in Peru and other South American countries, where religious freedom has been unknown. Among other disabilities incurred by them was the non-recognition of Protestant marriages. To render a marriage legal the ceremony must be performed by a Roman Catholic priest, and to this Protestants could not conscientiously agree.

For several years past the Chicago Methodist ministers, led by our beloved friend, the Rev. Dr. John Lee, have agitated this question, invoking the aid of statesmen, religious leaders and thinkers of every country, appealing (but in vain) to the high ecclesiastics of the Roman machine in this country, and to the Pope himself. Archbishop Ireland, the great "liberal" friend of our free institutions, and the pet of the Republican party, did not even acknowledge the receipt of the letters sent him by Dr. Lee. But notwithstanding the opposition of the Roman Church, success has crowned the noble work of the Rev. Dr. Lee for civil and religious liberty in South America. This learned and modest minister of Christ deserves well of all lovers of liberty, but more especially of converted Catholics, whose champion he is. A dispatch to the *New York Herald* last November tells the story as follows:

LIMA, PERU, via GALVESTON, TEXAS.—A bill which legalizes non Catholic marriages in Peru, and which makes legal all civil ceremonies performed by the Mayors of towns in the presence of two witnesses, was sanctioned by Congress late last night, just before adjournment.

There was great excitement when the measure was taken up for final action. The clericals tried to sustain a motion to postpone consideration, but on vote the motion was lost. Then the President put the motion to close the debate, and this was done amid great applause. During a scene of great excitement and while protests were being made the measure was sanctioned.

The passage of this measure is a great triumph for liberal ideas and for the government.

Thus the Church of Rome has suffered another defeat in one of its greatest strongholds, and the cause of liberty and freedom for an oppressed people has triumphed. God bless the Rev. John Lee and the other Methodist ministers of Chicago.

#### No Anglican Pope.

At the Lambeth Conference of the bishops of the Anglican and Protestant Episcopal Churches last summer there was some discussion about the establishment of a sort of Protestant papacy in England, of which the Archbishop of Canterbury should be the head. Referring to this subject Bishop Doane, of Albany, N. Y., said: "The only question considered was the relation to the Archbishop of Canterbury of colonial primates and bishops, and of bishops in countries like India and Australia, which differ somewhat in their organization from the Colonial Sees. The theory of a hard and fast organization found little favor among the bishops of any national church, and the idea of subordination of Connecticut to Canterbury was not so much as mooted." There never will be a Protestant Pope. One usurper of the prerogatives of our Lord Jesus Christ is enough.

#### Roman Catholics Styled "Foreigners."

The dissensions among the Roman Catholic ecclesiastics in the Washington Catholic University continue. Cardinal Gibbons, Archbishop Ireland and the other "liberal" leaders say they have gained a victory over the ultramontane or Jesuit party, but the Pope has not yet decided the question whether the Irish-Americans or German-Americans shall control the affairs of the institution and the policy of the Roman Church in this country. The contest hinges on this point. It is a fight between the Irish and the Germans for supremacy in the United States.

Bishop Doane of the Protestant Episcopal diocese of Albany, in his annual address to his clergy recently, referred to these "foreigners" in the following language: "If we give protection in America to people from other lands who accounted themselves oppressed and injured by foreign governments when they were at home, we have the right to demand from them that they shall leave their quarrels behind them, and that in America there shall be no distinctions of German-Americans or Irish-Americans of any qualification whatever." The more clearly and boldly leading Americans, like Bishop Doane, speak out on this subject, the more certain will be the humiliation and defeat of these Irish-American and German-American agents of the Pope; and best of all, the more surely will Catholics who are Americans by birth or patriotic sentiment leave the Roman Church and become free men and Christians like other Americans.

We hope the readers of THE CONVERTED CATHOLIC will promptly renew their subscriptions for this year and each endeavor to get a new subscriber.

## ROME AND TAMMANY IN NEW YORK.

**N**EW York City, Brooklyn, Staten Island and several small cities and towns, have been incorporated into one city, which is now in control of the political organization known as Tammany Hall. As nine tenths of the leaders and members of Tammany are Roman Catholics, this means that the great city is now in the hands of the followers of the Pope. For more than thirty years Rome and Tammany have been synonymous terms in New York, and now that the vast wealth of the new city has come into their hands the union between the political and religious organizations will be closer than ever. The wealth and power of the Roman Catholic Church will be vastly increased by this union. With the exception of the Mayor and a few other Protestants, the officials of the city are Roman Catholics, whose salaries will amount to over \$30,000,000. A good percentage of this will go into the hands of the priests, besides the special privileges their institutions will receive by legislation.

The New York *Tribune*, in its issue of December 31, 1897, gives some statistics of the new city, which is now the second in the world, that are interesting. The population of London is 4,468,169. That of the new city of New York is 3,388,711. Paris has only 2,511,629 inhabitants, while the population of Berlin is not much in excess of 1,725,000. In area New York is the greatest of the four, having 196,800 acres, to 74,672 for London, while Paris and Berlin have respectively only 19,279 and 15,622 acres. In one ward of New York (the tenth) there is a population of 418,000 to the square mile, the densest in any city of the world; the population of the Whitechapel district of London is 393,000 to the square mile.

Greater New York has a police force of 7,725 members, while London has 16,000.

New York has 1,198 places of worship to London's 1,410.

New York has 720 newspapers and periodicals; London, 412.

New York daily consumes 25,000,000 more gallons of water than London.

London has a birth every three minutes and a death every five minutes. New York has a birth every nine minutes and a death every ten and a half minutes.

In London one out of each sixteen inhabitants seeks relief through public charity, while similar aid is sought in New York by one person out of each two hundred.

The religious statistics of the new city are not given, but it is safe to estimate the Roman Catholics as one-third of the population. The power of the Church, however, will be absolute, for the Protestants are divided into various denominations, and there are over 100,000 Hebrews.

The *Tribune* goes on to give figures regarding the commerce and wealth of the new city. We do not give them all because figures are dry reading in a religious magazine, and our readers who are interested in the subject can easily find them. But what it says of the wealth, patronage and power that Rome and Tammany will control is of interest to all citizens.

## TAMMANY YEARS OF FATNESS.

"The Egyptians of old had seven years of leanness and then seven years of fatness. Tammany Hall, reckoning from the incoming of Mayor Strong to the outgoing of Mayor Van Wyck, will have experienced both conditions within the span of a single seven years.

The last three years have been undeniably lean ones for the dwellers in the tents of Tammany, but the coming four years will be for them a period of fatness such as has never before been enjoyed by any political organization in any city of the United States. The old city of New York surpassed all the other cities in valuation of property, in the amount raised by taxation and in the sums spent as operating expenses and for improvements. To its great totals are now to be added the amounts to be raised by the Borough of Brooklyn, a city of 1,180,000 inhabitants, and to be expended there; and the revenues and disbursements on account of the remaining boroughs of the greater city. The colossal resources of the whole city are \$2,367,659,607 of assessed real estate, and \$404,001,063 of personal property.

"The new charter empowers the administration which takes control of the city to-day to expend vast sums for public improvements, the total which will be disbursed under Mayor Van Wyck being estimated at \$200,000,000. The salaries of city officials for the four years will swell this amount to \$332,000,000, and this does not include the payments for State taxes and the expense, exclusive of salaries, of administering the city government. Taxation and bond issues will supply this enormous sum, and Tammany Hall the disbursement of the scores of millions of dollars, exclusive of the salaries, and the enjoyment of all the other millions to be expended in the salaries themselves. And if the men of Tammany do not line their pockets and swell their bank accounts tremendously, the eighth wonder of the world will have been seen here before the beginning of the year 1902.

#### CROKER THE DISPENSER OF MILLIONS.

"This estimated yearly expenditure

of \$33,000,000 for salaries and \$50,000,-000 for public improvements will make Richard Croker the dispenser of a revenue larger than that of many a kingdom or republic, and from it may, without appreciable loss, be set aside a campaign fund, raised by technically legitimate methods, so large that its founder may by its aid become a potent factor in the Democratic National councils. The amount to be spent yearly under the direction of Richard Croker—for Mr. Croker is absolute master of Tammany Hall, and Tammany Hall is for the next four years to be absolute master of the city—\$83,000,000, surpasses by nearly \$30,000,000 the revenue of the Kingdom of Portugal for 1896-'97. The combined budgets of Norway and Sweden for the same year were only about \$48,000,000. The revenue of the Netherlands in that period was only \$55,000,000. The revenues of Bulgaria and Rumania together were not much over \$50,000,000. Belgium's revenue in 1895 was a trifle less than \$75,000,-000, with nearly equal expenditure. And the sum to be raised in a single year in New York will exceed the yearly revenues of three or four of the South American republics taken together."

Richard Croker, the boss of Tammany, comes of an Irish Protestant family of respectability, but many years ago he became a Roman Catholic when he married a member of that Church. His brother, who died last month, was an Episcopalian, and other members of the Croker family are Methodists. With the great power Mr. Croker now wields he will be able to promote the interests and advocate the cause of the Roman Catholic Church in a unique manner. Incidentally he will bring pressure on the Pope to make Archbishop Corrigan a cardinal and prince of the Church. When will American Protestants awake from sleep?

### Dangers from Jesuitism.

Last Thanksgiving day Rev. Hugh Johnston, D.D., pastor of the Metropolitan Methodist Episcopal Church, Washington, D. C., where President McKinley regularly worships, preached a sermon from the 147th Psalm—

"He has not so dealt with any other nation"—in which he said:

"What would have been the condition of this land of vast resources and of liberty had a large portion of it come under the dominion of Spain? Why, it would have been like Mexico or Cuba, where only seven out of a hundred can either read or write; or like some of the South American Republics, where only 5 per cent. of the people can read or write, and where, as in Ecuador, 75 per cent. of the children are born out of wedlock, or like Spain itself, the land of the Inquisition—a burnt out nation, the most deplorable of kingdoms.

"These are times of great opportunities and of fearful perils. There is danger from irreligion.

"This is the danger that threatens Greater New York under the rule of the tiger and such men as Croker, the Tammany leader, giving to the slums, policemen and judges after their own kind, making gin sellers city fathers and magistrates, and carrying out a program of universal corruption.

"Another danger is from social revolution. Floods of people come to us from other lands, among them revolutionists and anarchists, the haters of property and denouncers of capital, without any idea of our moral code or our Sabbath laws, and it is a delicate thing to trust them with absolute self rule.

"Another danger is the liquor power. The right of society is to protect itself against whatever endangers its best interests. The liquor traffic is an organ-

ized conspiracy against the home and the state, and we must wage the bitterest war against this infernal business, which has thousands of saloons under the protection of the strong arm of the Government, which slays every five years an army equal to the number of the slain on both sides in the Civil War, and filches annually from the pockets of the people \$1,000,000,000,000. The day is coming when every right-thinking citizen shall lift up his hand to heaven against the rum traffic.

### ON JESUITISM.

"Another danger is the avowed propaganda of the power of Jesuitism. This is no mere sectarian question, but one of public policy and equal rights. Our public school system is essential to our free institutions. Why? Because the ballot, without intelligence, is a doubtful boon and a menace to our freedom.

"Another foundation principle is the absolute divorce of church and state. But there is a politico-religious organization ever feeding at the public crib, filching millions out of the public chest, assailing our public schools, and pronouncing our liberty the liberty of perdition. We want no alien system to become a menace to our free institutions, and we want no political power, like Jesuitism—the most infernal system that ever cursed the earth—to subvert our liberties and destroy our government.

"It is time for the long suffering American people to say to the whole intriguing band: 'You, Jesuit fathers, you are entitled to all rights and liberties of thought, speech, press and worship, but in the name of American liberty and fair play, we lift up our hands and swear by Almighty God you shall not do in this country as you have done in Spain, in Mexico, in Italy; you shall not rule us.' Amen!"

## A DOOR-KEEPER IN THE HOUSE OF THE LORD.

**In Memory of Luther Barry O'Connor, Born February 26,  
1886. Died November 30, 1897.**

**H**E was only eleven years and nine months old, but he had been the door-keeper of Christ's Mission for several years, and was greatly beloved by the congregation. As he showed them to seats in the chapel and handed them hymn books with a graceful bow and a happy smile they said he was a model usher. He was gentlemanly

of his duty. Though his sense of humor was severely tested on such occasions, he never lost his dignity, but continued his work of Christian service as a door-keeper in the house of the Lord. So the people who attend the services mourn because they shall not see him again "on duty" at the Mission.



LUTHER BARRY O'CONNOR.

and courteous to all, to the old and poor especially. But he was only a boy, sweet-faced and merry-hearted, and knowing this, some of the men of the congregation, to get a smile from him, would pluck his coat tails or playfully poke him in the side as he passed up and down the aisle in the discharge

### His Departure.

"IN THE MIDST OF LIFE WE ARE IN  
DEATH."

It was in the afternoon of Tuesday, November 30th, that Rev. James A. O'Connor and his wife sat in the office of the CONVERTED CATHOLIC in Christ's

Mission, writing at their desks, when the mother looked up at the clock and, noticing that it was about half past three, said, "Why, it is time Luther was home from school." Rising from the chair, she went to the office door, which is of glass, and looked out into the street, and then saw Luther standing on the opposite side of the street with a number of other boys just out from school. There was something about his appearance that touched her heart with pride, and calling her husband, she asked him to come to the door. He left his desk and went to his wife's side, and was pleased with the sight of his boy, who was standing erect among his comrades. He even went so far as to take from his pocket a little telescope to bring his boy nearer—something which he had never done before.

While thus engaged, Mrs. O'Connor said, "Luther seems to be going off with the other boys." As she did not wish him to do this, the father said, "I will go and bring him in." He immediately went to the back of the office to get his hat out of the closet, but before he had time to leave the closet he heard his wife scream, and say, "My child is killed." As he turned he saw her fall at the door of the office. The father rushed out into the street and found, indeed, that Luther had been run over by a heavily-loaded dray, which had almost severed the left limb at the thigh.

Picking up his injured boy, and lifting him on his shoulders, he was about to return to the house with his precious burden, when George, who had been up-stairs in his own room, but who came down on hearing his mother scream, rushed out to his assistance and aided in carrying his brother into the office.

The sad accident had been witnessed by Mrs. Warner, wife of Dr. Warren,

who lives opposite to Christ's Mission, and she immediately sent her husband's associate, Dr. Dunckel, over to the house. He arrived almost as soon as the lad had been carried inside. He was placed on a lounge and at once attended to by Dr. Dunckel. Meanwhile a messenger was hastily dispatched for Dr. W. C. Kennedy, the family physician, and on his arrival he sent a hurried call to Dr. R. T. Morris, the celebrated surgeon. Before Dr. Kennedy could reach the house Dr. Warner himself came in. The first care of the physicians was to overcome the nervous shock, and everything was done for the comfort of the injured boy. He suffered no pain, but the flying moments were surely and swiftly bringing the sudden tragedy to a close. For four hours Luther lingered, maintaining consciousness to the last.

About an hour before his departure his father held a spoonful of water to his lips, and, taking it with a relish, the boy said, "Another spoonful, papa." Receiving it, he said, "That's good. Now kiss me, papa." The father gave the never-to-be-forgotten kiss, and then, kneeling by the head of his beloved child, he said, "The doctors are doing all they can for you, Luther, but there is one, the Great Physician, who can heal both soul and body."

"Yes, I know, papa, our Saviour Jesus Christ."

"You believe in Christ, my son?"

"I do, papa."

"You know He died to save you?"

"I do."

"Do you know why God sent Him into the world?"

"I do. He is my Saviour, and I love Him. I trust Him with all my heart. I love Him and He loves me."

"How do you know He is your Saviour?"

"Because God sent Him to be my

Saviour, and I love Him and trust Him."

This conversation took place without any excitement on the part of the dying boy, who made a similar confession of his faith in Jesus Christ to Dr. W. C. Kennedy.

Toward the close he said to his physician, "I believe I'm dying." Throwing a kiss to his mother, he said (although death had not been mentioned), "Mamma, why won't you let me die? If Jesus wants me to live, I'll live; but if Jesus wants me to die, I'll die. It's all right, mamma. It's all right."

He threw the kiss to his mother as a matter of every-day occurrence, and with apparent composure. Soon after this came the end, and the brave young confessor was ushered into the presence of his Lord.

The last words heard by his parents were, when a fleck of moisture from his mouth fell on the face of one of the physicians, and, noticing it, he said, "O, please excuse me. Pardon me."

### Interesting Incidents in Luther's Career.

Among the incidents worthy of mention in his young career, it may be recorded that for a year past a pleasing change had been noted in Luther's conduct by those who knew him most intimately. Though every inch a boy, and full of fun and frolic, he had grown to be unusually thoughtful. With the other members of the family he had spent the summer at Northfield, and attended many of the meetings, and the change in his conduct became more manifest from that time. He frequently conversed with his father and mother over the sermons he had heard, and manifested an intelligent conception of the Gospel plan of salvation.

For several years he had been accustomed to act as usher in the chapel of the Mission, and was a great favorite

with the regular attendants on account of his politeness and attention to his duties. One lady, who attended the Mission after the memorial service, not knowing what had taken place, said to another worshiper, "Where is the little fellow to night?" "Why," said the other, "he's dead and buried." The nature of the news was such a shock to her that she fainted in the meeting and had to be assisted out.

Another incident is pathetic in the extreme. A young woman who had been converted several months before while attending the Mission services, and unaware of the sad occurrence that had left a vacant place in the family, came into the Mission a few days before Christmas with a beautiful banjo in her hand, and, going to the mother, said, "This is for the little fellow."

This young lady is a living witness to the power of God's grace that the little fellow had imbibed, for when she first came to the Mission she was a great sceptic. Later, however, she learned to love her Lord, and the boy Luther also, and her attachment to the lad was evinced in this gift.

One of the regular members of the congregation, a converted Catholic in very poor circumstances, sent the following note the day after the accident:

"DEAR BROTHER AND SISTER O'CONNOR:

"With heartfelt sorrow and earnest prayer I send this token of my love for Luther, to get stockings to ease the feet that so often waited on me at the services. But I will not see him again on duty. Yet we may look up in faith at his beckoning hands on the shining shore of the land where there is no more parting. A SISTER."

These incidents clearly indicate the deep impression he had made upon the friends of the Mission while he acted as "a door-keeper in the house of the Lord." In this work he took great de-

light, having been engaged in it from the time his father entered the present Mission building.

### **His Love of the Poor.**

The very name, Christ's Mission, attracts many a wayfarer to the door of the house. In the daily conference of the father with such persons Luther was often a witness and a participant. His sympathies were always with the poor and unfortunate. On one occasion, while the family were at dinner, the office bell rang, and the father, knowing that he would be called at that hour, answered the bell in person. It was snowing at the time, and when the wayfarer said he had no lodgings and wanted shelter for the night, Mr. O'Connor gave him a letter to the mission on E. 23d St., where comfortable lodgings and meals can be had at a very moderate price. He went away, but almost immediately returned, and when the father again entered the office Luther followed him. In reply to Mr. O'Connor's question the man said he would not need the letter, as a neighbor had asked him to shovel the snow from her stoop.

"If I had a shovel," said the man, "I could earn 25 cents in five minutes."

"I do not know whether we have a shovel or not," said Mr. O'Connor, "for I do not keep track of such things."

"O, yes, papa," said Luther, "we have a new shovel; we bought it this morning. I will get it;" and immediately he went into the cellar, and, on returning, gave it to the man, who promised to return it. Of course, neither the man nor the shovel has been seen at the Mission since.

Some days before Luther went home to heaven a man called at the office, when Mrs. O'Connor and the lad were there together. The mother was about

to send the man away, having given to others all that could be spared that day, when Luther said:

"Mamma, I think that man has an honest face."

Touched with the child's plea the mother spoke to her husband, who was at his desk, and Mr. O'Connor gave the man lodgings and meals for two days, much to the delight of the boy.

He had a good word for everybody, for the school boys who were sometimes unruly, and for the weak ones of the world, the unfortunate and unhappy who are attracted to the Mission by its name. These he used to call "Papa's friends," as he opened the door for them with a smile of sympathy.

### **His Zeal and Christian Experience.**

It was a great blessing to Christ's Mission and to all who dwell therein, or visited it, to have such a treasure as the boy Luther in its daily life, but it is a far greater treasure to have him at home with God. He was very active in the work of the Mission and was greatly beloved by the priests who have made it their home while learning the way of the Lord in the new and better life which Christ gives to all who seek to follow Him. Though young in years, little Luther was ripe in the wisdom that comes from the consideration and contemplation of heavenly things. He often took part in the conversations of those priests and the conferences his father held with them, and his conception of the way of salvation by faith in Christ, and his experience of the love of God in Christ Jesus, were as clear, distinct and perfect as if he had been an old theologian. Truly in this child was exemplified the words of the Lord, Jesus:

"I thank Thee, O, Father, Lord of heaven and earth, that Thou hast hid these things from the wise and prudent,

and hast revealed them unto babes: even so, Father; for so it seemed good in Thy sight." (Luke xi, 21.)

When all the family assembled at meals and daily devotions he would have his word to say on the subjects discussed. He was thoroughly orthodox and conservative and always stood up for the integrity of the Bible and the power of Christ to save all who come to Him by faith. At dinner on Sundays he would speak of the sermon he had heard in the morning, always selecting for comment and commendation the evangelical views presented. His last Sunday on earth was marked by the reception into the Sunday school of the Marble Collegiate Church, which he attended, of a young friend, "Mamie," whom he had invited and taken with him. At dinner that day he said it was the duty of every Christian to invite others to church. "What's the use of going to church all the time," said he, "unless you bring others with you?"

Another dear friend of his and of the family had been often invited by him to come to the church and Sunday school, and, thanks be to God, this fine young man—"Herby," as Luther used to call him—now attends both.

In the domestic circle he was like sunshine. The good Rachel who presides over the culinary department loved him with all her heart, and he reciprocated her affection. A few days before he went to the eternal home Rachel and he were speaking of their experiences at Northfield last summer, and she said that of all the hymns she heard she liked best to listen to Mr. Sankey singing his own hymn, "When the Mists have Rolled Away." It happened that the day was rainy; and looking out of the window, he said: "Yes, Rachel, I loved to hear Mr. Sankey sing that; and I believe it is all true. We shall know each other better when the mists have rolled away, just as the

clouds are now melting away in the sky and we see the sun." And placing his hands together in front of his breast he lifted his eyes to heaven as the sun shone out and the mist rolled away.

That is a suggestive thought of Mr. Moody's—"Did you ever think there must be as many children in heaven as adults?" The mother of the children whose pictures are seen on page 2 says in her sweet resignation to the will of God:

" Where are those dear ones now,  
My joy and delight ?

Dear and more dear, though now  
Hidden from sight.

Where they rejoice to be,  
That is the Home for me."

What dear Luther and Birdie and James were to their parents and brother George cannot be told in words.

The Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away. Blessed be the name of the Lord.

## THE FUNERAL SERVICE.

**O**N Friday afternoon, December 3, the chapel of Christ's Mission was filled with friends who attended the funeral service of young Luther. There was no distinction of church or creed in the assembly, for all who knew the lad loved him as a sweet human being. Twelve of his classmates in school attended as pall-bearers.

The service was conducted by the Rev. Drs. David James Burrell and Alfred E. Myers, of the Marble Collegiate Church, the Rev. Dr. John Hall, of the Fifth Avenue Presbyterian Church, and Rev. Albert B. King.

Dr. Burrell read selections from the Scriptures as follows:

I am the Resurrection and the Life, saith the Lord; he that believeth in Me, though he were dead, yet shall he live:

and whosoever liveth and believeth in Me, shall never die.

None of us liveth to himself, and no man dieth to himself; for whether we live, we live unto the Lord, and whether we die, we die unto the Lord: whether we live therefore or die, we are the Lord's. For to this end Christ both died and rose, and revived, that He might be Lord both of the dead and living.

We brought nothing into this world, and it is certain we can carry nothing out.

The Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away; blessed be the Name of the Lord.

Rev. Dr. King then offered the following prayer:

Oh, Lord, our God, reveal Thyself in this hour of sorrow, and in this house of mourning, as our infinitely loving and sympathizing Father.

Enable us to realize that we are Thy children, and that more fully than earthly parents pity their suffering children in all their helplessness, so Thou art very near to us to grant succor and comfort.

Bless these parents and the brother of the one whose loss is mourned this day. Speak unto them by Thy Holy Spirit, and enable them to rejoice in the fact that the one whose absence is their grief, was enabled before his departure by Thy grace to give clear, emphatic testimony as to his Christian faith and hope. May they remember that although he cannot come to them, they can go to him.

May Thy Holy Spirit shed down upon us during all this service Thy blessed peace, and hallow this house with Thy holy presence.

This we ask in the name of Jesus Christ, through whom we have the resurrection and life which is eternal. Amen.

Mrs. Anna Burch, the soprano of the

Marble Collegiate Church, sang two of little Luther's favorite hymns, "Jesus, Lover of my Soul," and "What a Friend we have in Jesus." The Sunday previous to his death, just before the service in Christ's Mission, the boy sang the latter hymn alone to the accompaniment of his young friend, Miss Marion Owens—"Baby Owens," as he used to call her lovingly.

Dr. Burrell then recited the Lord's prayer with the congregation, and read the fourteenth chapter of the Gospel of John, and the second chapter of the Prophecy of Joel, and said that at the family prayers the Monday evening before his death—his last night of life on earth—little Luther had read aloud this second chapter of Joel, with special emphasis on the first and last verses:

"Blow ye the trumpet in Zion, and sound an alarm in my holy mountain: let all the inhabitants of the land tremble: for the day of the Lord cometh, for it is nigh."

The last verse the boy read was: "And it shall come to pass, that whosoever shall call on the name of the Lord shall be delivered, for in Mount Zion and in Jerusalem shall be deliverance, as the Lord hath said, and in the remnant whom the Lord shall call."

### Rev. Dr. Burrell's Address.

I know what it is to go down in the valley of the shadow with the dear ones, who are bound to us in the home life; and yet the word ringing in my heart to-day is not "Miserere," but "Bless the Lord, O my soul."

If the dear boy could come back again and speak to you all and to his schoolmates here, you know what he would say: "It is all true; it is all glorious; the things we hoped for are all unspeakably true!"

It was a splendid confession that he made to his father, who, with a sorrow

ing heart, not liking to warn him of approaching death (although the boy spoke of it frankly enough), asked him if he trusted in Jesus. "Christ is my Saviour," he said, "and I love Him." When his mother spoke of the separation, the dear lad said, after throwing her a kiss, "Mamma, why won't you let me die? If Jesus wants me to live, I'll live; but if Jesus wants me to die, I'll die. It is all right, mamma. It is all right." When the doctor bent over him (see what a gentle youth he was), a fleck of blood having been thrown upon his face, the lad said: "Please excuse me. Pardon me." This, I think, was the last word he uttered on earth. Ah, the making of a Christian gentleman was there.

You will say, "The Lord hath taken away;" but there is something better: say, "The Lord gave."

I am always appalled at the mystery of death; but to-day there seems to come a voice from the silent lips of the young preacher suggesting three things that in the presence of this mystery we may know beyond an if or peradventure.

First. Death is not a calamity. It is never an accident. It is an episode in a great plan. The leaves that are falling from the trees are not falling because of the frost. If there were no frost, they must fall. It is because they are ripe, and ready to fall. Thus, death is but an incident in life.

Second. Death does not end all. If it did, life would not be worth living. Oh, no! The dear lad tells us with his silent lips, "This is not the end; I have just begun to live." Every lesson he has learnt is going to be used in the work to which he has been promoted. The Lord has promoted him to the higher tasks and responsibilities of a new life. Death begins all. This is "Commencement Day." Our life is the first chapter—no, it is not the first

chapter, it is only the preface of an endless serial.

Here we are climbing the temple steps laboriously. When we reach the top and come close to the portal, the door opens. Men say, "We are dead;" but we have only gone into the temple. An angel met us, the best and fairest of God's angels, and said, "Come in and begin to live." The call came early for this boy, Luther; but it did not come until God's clock struck the hour.

Third. There is to be a day—and all the glad days of earth are not comparable to that day—when God will give us back our own, and we shall look into their eyes. Our beloved will come to us, and we shall know them. I know how it will be; we will not have a word to say for a while. It will be a moment of unutterable joy.

(Turning to Luther's classmates.) Now, my dear boys, if you loved Luther (and if you did not, you would not be here), let me tell you how to show your love. He was a follower of the Christ that you ought to know, and whom, I trust, you do know. By the memory of your dear schoolmate, and as long as you affectionately speak his name, show your loyalty to him by loving his Christ, by loving his Bible, and by loving the things that are pure and lovely and of good report. By God's grace you all will be in the same class again some day.

So, dear Luther, we do not say Farewell, but *Auf wiedersehen*, "Until we meet again!"

At the close of Dr. Burrell's address Dr. Hall offered prayer.

### Rev. Dr. John Hall's Prayer.

Almighty and Everlasting God, we come to Thee in the name of Him, who for us became the man of sorrows. For His sake grant unto us, we beseech Thee, the aid of the Holy Spirit, the Divine Comforter. May He be to us a

spirit of grace and of supplication, and may He so work in our hearts that, even when tried and afflicted, we may be able to say with sincerity, Thy will be done. Thy providences are to us, O Lord God, often mysterious. As the heavens are high above the earth, so are Thy ways above our ways. Oh! give us grace to be in subjection to Thee, the Father of Spirits, even when sorely tried and afflicted.

Let Thy gracious presence, O Thou God of Consolation, be with us here, with those who are gathered together in tender sympathy with the bereaved parents, and with them who are mourning, that they may be helped to endure as seeing Him who is invisible. It has pleased Thee to take from them a dear child, a child whom they had often consecrated to Thee in prayer, and whom they labored to bring up in Thy fear. We thank Thee, Heavenly Father, for the comforting evidence given by him, even when in the valley of the shadow of death, that he knew and confided in the blessed Saviour, and for all the comfort this brings to the mourning father and mother. Sanctify this providence, O God, unto them, painful as it now is, and help them to realize and rejoice in the happy reunion in the life above of those who fall asleep in Jesus; and while they shed tears of natural affection, may they be brought nearer and nearer to Thee and helped to remember, that as a father pitith his children, so dost Thou regard with tender affection them that fear Thee.

O, Lord God, we make supplication for the son that survives, that he may be comforted, guided, and helped to be a comfort to his beloved parents. Make him strong through Thy truth dwelling in him, and prepare him for happiness and usefulness in this life, and for glory in the life to come.

We unite in supplication, Heavenly Father, for the schoolmates of Thy

child, whose mortal body lies here in their presence, and who sorrow over the sudden separation. O Thou, who did'st say, "Suffer the little children to come unto me," draw them, one by one, unto Thyself, that they may know Thee and trust Thee, that so, living or dying, they may be the Lord's.

And now, we beseech Thee, O Lord, furthermore, that Thou wilt be with those who convey this mortal body to its last earthly resting-place; and as their eyes turn to the depths of the grave, enable them to remember Him, who is the resurrection and the life, and to thank Him for condescending to lie in the grave, and to make it a fitting resting place for the bodies of His Redeemed, until He come in His glory, and raise up perfect and beautify the earthly tabernacle, uniting it again with the immortal soul and fitting the perfected being for companionship with the holy angels, and for the joy and glory of the Father's house, with its many mansions.

These, our earnest petitions, O God, we present in the name of our Divine Mediator and precious Saviour; to whom, with Thyself and the Holy Spirit, be honor and glory for ever and ever! Amen.

### **Address of Rev. Alfred E. Myers.**

There is no keener suffering than that which comes to the heart of the parent in the death of a child; and there is no purer pang of grief than in the loss of a young child. The whole pathway of human life is wet with tears because of the deaths of children. Thoughtlessly, men say, "Only a child." But they were our loved ones!

The very purity, the unalloyed character of the grief connected with the death of a little Christian child, lays it particularly open to the incoming of great consolation. When the child is

taken, the family life goes on, the business or profession goes on, the outside world, the great interests of politics and the state, all go on as before; but the grief remains, which is the unalloyed sorrow of the separation of loved ones. Yet this grief is peculiarly open to the ministries of consolation—the consolation of a life that had never known disappointment, of a life that had never known mortal sin, of a life that had been consecrated to the God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ from birth.

There is no doubt that this little boy never knew when he began to love Jesus. When the Christian physician who watched over him during those four hours in which he never lost consciousness asked him if he was trusting in Christ, Luther was surprised that such a question should be asked, and replied, "Yes, I trust Jesus. He is my Saviour." Then later, when his father asked him again, the boy renewed his clear confession of faith, "Yes, I trust Jesus, and I love Him. He is my Saviour." This consolation will become richer and richer to the parents as time passes, and they come with each year nearer to the day of a blessed reunion with their dear son.

Only two or three weeks before this event, which we call so sad, I was here, and met the little fellow just coming in from school. I had a few words with him; and, placing my hand on his head, I realized that, though he had not been received into the full communion of the church, yet it was only a question of a little time. He was spiritually prepared already. He was born in the Church of Christ; he accepted Christ with his earliest consciousness; he never knew what it was to be converted. He began to love Jesus as soon as he could say that name which is above all other names.

If we can only lift our gaze off the ter-

rible physical circumstances, we see a little child of God, called with a suddenness that makes this transition a transfiguration, to his Father's many mansions.

Blessed be God for the eternal consolation of this Christian faith and hope.

Many friends accompanied the parents and their son George (the only remaining child of the family) to Woodlawn cemetery, where the Rev. Dr. Myers read the burial service and the earthly body of the beloved Luther was laid at rest.

### Three in Heaven, One on Earth.

Since the opening of Christ's Mission Luther is the third of Mr. and Mrs. O'Connor's children who have been taken from them. The Heavenly Father who gave them wanted them. Their pictures are on the second page of this magazine. The Mission was opened in April, 1891, and within one month their only daughter, "Birdie," eight years old, and the baby boy, James, junior, two years old, died of diphtheria, only five days separating their translation to the heavenly home. The hearts of the parents have been sorely tried and the wounds have been deep, but the Word of God is sure, and He is faithful that promised: "I will not leave thee nor forsake thee." They consecrated their children to the Lord, and they have only gone home to Him where the united family shall meet again.

An hour before the death of baby James his father took him in his arms, and, going to the window, the child looked out upon the sunshine. The father, as if in monologue, said, while gazing at the child, "Well, Jesus loves baby." The child heard the words, and turning from the window he looked into his father's face and said, "Jesus loves baby," adding in the same breath:

"And baby loves Jesus." These were the last words he uttered. The beloved daughter, "Birdie," whose full name was Harriet Mabel, but who was so called by reason of her sweet musical voice, had lived and died in the same faith and trust in Jesus.

One child remains to Mr. and Mrs. O'Connor, George Washington, eighteen years old; a good boy. He is a member of the Marble Collegiate Church, and the organist of Christ's Mission. As Luther was a door-keeper in Christ's Mission, so George is an usher in Dr. Burrell's church.

Among the hundreds of letters of sympathy received after Luther's death was the following from Mr. Moody:

EAST NORTHFIELD, Dec. 14, 1897.  
*My Dear Mr. and Mrs. O'Connor:*

I have just heard of Luther's death, and my wife and I want to express to you our deep sympathy, and would be glad to help you bear the great sorrow if we could. But all we can do is to pray God to help you in this, your hour of great need. It will be far better for dear Luther to be with his Master, and it may be the Lord had need for him, and if so, what joy to think he has been called to a higher service.

It seems to me of late that the Lord has been calling home a good many of my friends—old and young—and I am thinking what a place heaven must be. Did you ever think there must be as many children in heaven as adults? It must be the dear Saviour wants them with Him; and how happy they must be. Thank God, there will be no night there and no tears, no separation. Dear Luther, the next time we see him he will be with his Saviour, and what a bright, joyful face he will have. Thank God, the night will soon pass, and the eternal day dawn. My earnest prayer is that God may help you both. With loving sympathy from your friends, MR. AND MRS. D. L. MOODY.

## THE BORDER-LANDS.

To the Rev. Mr. O'Connor and Mrs. O'Connor,  
with the deep sympathy and kind  
regards of John Hall.

Father, into Thy loving hands,  
My feeble spirit I commit,  
While wandering in these Border-Lands,  
Until Thy voice shall summon it.

Father, I would not dare to choose  
A longer life, an earlier death;  
I know not what my soul might lose  
By shortened or protracted breath.

These Border-Lands are calm and still,  
And solemn are their silent shades;  
And my heart welcomes them, until  
The light of life's long evening fades.

I heard them spoken of with dread,  
As fearful and unquiet places;  
Shades, where the living and the dead  
Look sadly in each other's faces.

But since Thy hand hath led me here,  
And I have seen the Border-Land;  
Seen the dark river flowing near,  
Stood on its brink, as now I stand,

There has been nothing to alarm  
My trembling soul; how could I fear  
While thus encircled with Thine arm?  
I never felt Thee half so near.

What should appal me in a place  
That brings me hourly nearer Thee?  
When I may almost see Thy face—  
Surely 'tis here my soul would be.

They say the waves are dark and deep,  
That faith has perished in the river;  
They speak of death with fear, and weep:  
Shall my soul perish? Never, never!

I know that Thou wilt never leave  
The soul that trembles while it clings  
To Thee: I know Thou wilt achieve  
Its passage on Thine out-spread wings.

And since I first was brought so near  
The stream that flows to the Dead Sea,  
I think that it has grown more clear  
And shallow than it used to be.

I cannot see the golden gate  
Unfolding yet to welcome me;  
I cannot yet anticipate  
The joy of heaven's jubilee.

But I will calmly watch and pray,  
Until I hear my Saviour's voice,  
Calling my happy soul away  
To see His glory, and rejoice.

## THE CONVERSION OF ROMAN CATHOLICS.

BY REV. FRANCIS WATRY.

THE Roman Catholic Church is now almost universally acknowledged by intelligent and unprejudiced Protestants to be a part of the great Church of the Redeemer. Her doctrines and practices, her forms and ceremonies may, indeed, appear to be more in harmony with Judaism and Paganism than with the simple Gospel of Christ. But, aside from these things, she holds and teaches the essential truths of Christianity. Many of her children are famed in story, and not a few at this present time are conspicuous the world over for their faith and love and good deeds. That a Roman Catholic *may be* as good and as true a Christian as a member of any other church seems to be no longer a matter for debate.

If these things be true, some one will say, why then labor for the conversion of Roman Catholics? Is it not more than useless, or worse than folly, to spend time and effort in an attempt to lead people away from one denomination into another? Surely this will not hasten the coming of God's Kingdom, or of that blessed union for which our dear Lord prayed so earnestly.

Now these are the reasons, summed up in a few words, why any and every effort to lead Roman Catholics into the light and life and liberty of the blessed Gospel of the Son of God finds so few sympathizers and still fewer friends and supporters. And, indeed, if by the conversion of Roman Catholics were meant what most people assume it to be, it would be deserving neither of sympathy nor of support. With an earnest desire to correct so serious, widespread and lamentable a misapprehension let me say:

1. We have no desire to lead a Roman Catholic who is a true Christian

out of his church into another. There is in the soul of such a one the Life of God, which is the essence of all religion. And according to a law of life, which is growth and development, he will in due time either break his shell, or the shell must be enlarged. In either case it is well with that soul. If God is leading him to his eternal home by the Roman way, it would be irreverence and impiety to attempt to turn him aside or put a stumbling block in his way.

2. We do not wish to convert a Roman Catholic whose heart and mind find satisfaction in the peculiar doctrines and practices of the Roman Church. We would not, if we could, and we could not, if we would, convert him. He probably needs those outward forms to convey to him spiritual truths which he could not otherwise comprehend. They are the crutches upon which he leans. And who would rob a man of his crutches? The absolute simplicity of a pure spiritual Christianity seems to offend him. At any rate it does not appeal to him. He has been taught to behold his Saviour clothed in a many-colored garb, and without that peculiar garb he would not recognize his Master. A child is not deprived of his toys until he lays them aside of his own accord. It is a matter of time, growth, development.

3. But there are tens of thousands of men and women throughout the length and breadth of this land who are Roman Catholics by birth and training, but who have lost faith in the peculiar practices and doctrines of the Roman Church. They have experienced the emptiness and hollowness of all mere outward observances. They have tormented their bodies with fasts and penances of all sorts without benefit to their spiritual life. An ocean of holy

water failed to cleanse their consciences from a single stain of sin. A thousand confessions and priestly absolutions brought no peace to their hearts, nor freed them from the bonds of a single evil habit. The echo of their prayers and supplications to the "saints" was all the answer that ever came back. They saw incarnate demons, clothed in the garb of an angel of light, strictly adhering to every outward observance, and yet remaining demons hardhearted and cruel. Deceit and dishonesty, drunkenness and debauchery, and a low moral tone generally, among those who could make the sign of the cross most accurately, offended them and caused them to think.

Then came doubt, anxiety, conflict. Dark and threatening were the clouds that gathered around them. But somehow they obtained a glimpse of the better way. Mind and heart and conscience united in persuading them that true religion must be more than a dogma, or a form, or any outward observance; that it must be, if anything, a Life, the Life of God in the soul of man, manifested unto all by holy and righteous living and deeds of love, even as a tree is known by its fruits. And then step by step they lost faith in the Roman Church, and are now hopelessly out of sympathy with that institution.

And now there are two ways before them—the one is that of doubt, ending generally in unbelief; the other is that of a plain, simple faith in the Lord Jesus Christ as the only Mediator between God and man, the sole authoritative Teacher, the only infallible Guide. Which of these two ways will they choose?

There is then no longer any question about "getting a Roman Catholic to change his religion" or to join another Church. The only question is *his salvation*. If Rome can save him from unbelief and despair, then, by all

means, let him be saved there. But you cannot very well force a man back into his baby clothes, nor a bird into its shell. Neither can you force a Roman Catholic who has outgrown the things appertaining to spiritual childhood back into an antiquated religious machine. One of these said to me not long ago, "If I must be saved according to the ways and methods of Rome, then I must of necessity be damned."

We must, of course, not forget that there are many who have abandoned the Roman Church in order to give free rein to their evil passions. But they, too, can, and may, and should be saved. Rome cannot save them, but the Gospel of Christ, of which Paul says that "it is the power of God unto salvation to every one that believeth" can save all who can be brought under its blessed influence.

The salvation of immortal souls, then, should be our first and chief motive in every effort to convert these Roman Catholics, among whom are the brightest and best that that Church ever claimed as her own.

We should also remember that the most dangerous and desperate characters to be found anywhere are those who have been brought up under religious restraint, but upon whom every form of religion has lost its hold. Our country and its institutions are endangered and our general welfare is threatened by those who are among us without hope and without God. And here religion and patriotism, God and native land, unite in an appeal to every true Christian to take an earnest and intelligent interest in bringing these wandering but precious souls into living and loving communion with God through Christ.

We should do this all the more lovingly and sympathetically when we call to mind that many of these are bound to us by ties of kindred or friend-

ship, and that they have not so much sinned as been sinned against. The Roman system is largely responsible for their spiritual condition, and it continues to act the dog in the manger. If it cannot save those whom it once claimed as its own, it will not have them saved at all. I verily believe that out of the depths of eternal darkness there arise curses laden with bitterness unspeakable against a system that could not save, and through cunning and deceit prevented others to save, the immortal spirit for whom Christ died.

This is an age of missions. The disciples of Jesus are carrying His Gospel into the remotest regions of the world. It is well that it should be so. But there are those at our very doors who are in need of that same loving, life-giving Message. They are literally starving in the midst of plenty. Is there no one to break unto them the Bread of Life. Thus far they have asked for bread, but men gave them a stone. My brother, my sister, what an opportunity! What a privilege! What will you do?

### Going Over to Rome.

What is the matter with the Protestant Episcopal Church in New York? Many of the members of that denomination, so influential in the commercial and social life of the city, are going over to the Roman Catholic Church. The *New York Tribune*, in its issue for the last day of the year 1897, tersely sums up the condition of one organization of which the Episcopal Church was very proud, in this paragraph:

The Church Settlement house at No. 329 East Eighty-fourth street has lost its Founder and head in Miss Marion Lane Gurney, who has gone over to the Church of Rome. The Church Settlement was connected with the Church of the Redeemer, whose rector [Henry

Austin Adams] some time ago professed Romanism. He has been followed by Mrs. William Arnold, Mrs. Lucy Borst, and now Miss Gurney. The four workers and leaders leave behind them a school of seven hundred children, who had been gathered in from byways and slums.

The rector of the Church of the Redeemer, who was an extreme ritualist, was known as "Father" Adams, but when he went over to Rome he dropped the "Father" and even the "Rev.," and is now a layman, writing for Roman Catholic periodicals and delivering lectures against Protestantism. He was succeeded in the rectorship by Father Johnson, who was as "high" and Romish in ritual and doctrine as Adams, but who lacked the latter's capacity for business. The Church of the Redeemer, where they ministered, has been sold and the congregation dissolved. The suggestion has been made that Bishop Potter and his clergy should take a bold stand against the Roman Church, and by sermons, lectures and pamphlets call attention to the false doctrines and superstitious practices of the papal organization. The Episcopalians who go over to Rome do not know what that Church is. After a time, when they learn that Romanism is not Christianity, they would like to return to their former faith and manner of worship, but they find many difficulties in the way. The world would call them unstable in belief, fickle, unreliable and not worthy of confidence. We have met many such persons, and we advise them to leave religious and theological questions alone for a time, simply come back to Christ and worship God in spirit and in truth, attending services in whatever church they hear the Gospel preached.

By repentance for their sins and faith in the Lord Jesus Christ as their personal Saviour, trusting in Him alone, they will be saved.

### Good Work in France.

**T**HE London *Christian*, December 23, 1897, had the following interesting editorial note:

We continue to observe with intense interest the movement for freedom of conscience and in the direction of Gospel light among the Roman Catholic priests of France. Leakage from the ranks of the priesthood through open immorality and bald scepticism, has long been a matter of general indifference; but when men of faith and honor, of character and ability, deliberately follow one another in the assertion of spiritual liberty, and withdraw from the Church of Rome, the condition of things is one that should engage the earnest sympathy and prayerful interest of Evangelical Christians, whatever their nationality or religious distinctions. The December issue of ex-Abbé Bourrier's paper, *Le Chrétien Français*, written by priests and ex-priests, contains remarkable letters sent by curets to their bishops, also particulars of the ordination of M. Bourrier as pastor in the Reformed Church of France. In the course of his address, the ex abbé declares for justification by faith; one Mediator between God and men—Jesus Christ; and the Word of God as alone authoritative in spiritual things.

These positions, of course, exclude some of the deadliest corruptions and errors of the Romish Church—salvation by personal merit, many mediators between God and the sinner, and submission to all manner and forms of human authority. These things are being found out in France, and good men and true are shaking themselves free from the fetters of superstition and falsehood.

Father Bourrier will secure protection by uniting with the Reformed (Protestant) Church of France—the Church of the Huguenots—and if he should be used as an evangelist to establish missions for the conversion of the Roman Catholics he would accomplish a great work. The French people, like the Roman Catholics in all countries, are ignorant of the way of salvation through Christ alone. As the English paper

says, they have many mediators and intercessors. They do not know that Christ Jesus is able to save every one that comes to Him, and that He is the ever-living Intercessor. When Roman Catholics learn this a new life is opened to them. To make Christ known as the Saviour of all who come to Him by faith is the great need of work among Roman Catholics. In doing this work Protestant ministers cannot get a hearing from Roman Catholics and approach them with the same fulness of knowledge as easily as do former priests who are truly converted.

We hope and pray for the success of this work in France. It is most auspicious, for the work of Father Hyacinthe has been absorbed by the Jansenist Church of Utrecht. It was always somewhat in line with the work of the Old Catholics in Germany and Switzerland—not wholly separated from the doctrine of Rome. The present movement is evangelical, bringing the people face to face with God's truth as revealed in His Word, and God's love as manifested in Jesus Christ.

### Hope for these Catholics.

A subscriber in New York State writes: "Bishop Cleary would have hard work if he attempted to stop the Roman Catholic people in this town from attending the funerals of Protestants, as they come in constant contact with Americans, and are caring less and less for the orders of the priests or bishop. The great wonder is that the Roman Catholics have been kept so long in ignorance."

A missionary in Albany, N. Y., writes: "A Catholic lady said to me the other day, 'We have parts of the Bible to read; why do they not let us have the whole Bible?' For two weeks we have held Bible readings in her rooms, and five of her Catholic neighbors attend."

**A Christian Soldier's Death.**

A veteran of the Civil War, who had fought valiantly for his country and had also suffered captivity in Libby Prison, Mr. Andrew T. Kennedy, of Oakdale, Illinois, departed this life December 3, 1897. He was the brother of General John C. Kennedy, of Denver, Colorado, and of the well known physician, Dr. William C. Kennedy, 65 West Thirty-sixth street, this city. He was an elder in the Reformed Presbyterian Church. His Christian death induces us to publish the following extract from a letter describing his last moments and giving his dying testimony:

When Mr. Kennedy was told that death was probably close at hand, he said: "I am satisfied. I had a desire to live, but God knows best." He asked to have his children brought to his bedside. Without a tear, without a tremor in his voice, he gave them good advice and loving words. He said:

"I am going to Jesus; you must all meet me there bye and bye. Long ago I made my peace with God—it would be a poor time to do that now. I am going directly to heaven; no purgatory for me. The gates are open; I have only to step in."

He then asked the family to take good care of his children and bring them up in the Christian life. He retained his reason to the last, and repeated many precious promises. He spoke continually of his trust in Jesus. His Bible class came to see him, and he had a suitable Scripture passage for each member. His last words were: "He is the Rock of my salvation."

Mr. Kennedy was a great admirer of this magazine and the work it is doing. A few years ago when visiting his brother in this city he called at Christ's Mission several times and rejoiced in the work it is doing.

**CHRIST'S MISSION DEBT.**

We hope this debt will be paid this year. A subscriber in Ohio writes: "Enclosed please find money order for two dollars—one to renew subscription to THE CONVERTED CATHOLIC, and the other to apply on the debt on Christ's Mission building of \$7,000. Let me propose that all the readers of your excellent magazine join in prayer and diligent effort to extinguish the debt during the coming year, 1898, taking the following verses as a basis for effectual prayer: 'Again I say unto you, that if two of you shall agree on earth as touching any thing that they shall ask, it shall be done for them of my Father which is heaven. For where two or three are gathered together in my name, there am I in the midst of them.' (Matt. xviii, 19, 20.) 'Give and it shall be given unto you; good measure, pressed down, and shaken together, and running over, shall men give into your bosom. For with the same measure that ye mete withal it shall be measured to you again.' (Luke vi, 38.) The writer has many times found these promises true to the letter."

Another subscriber says: "I read Mr. Needham's articles in the December CONVERTED CATHOLIC with a great deal of interest, and the same surprises have come to me; and I could say a hearty Amen to his closing paragraph. I would to God that His children who have means could have their eyes and hearts and pockets opened wide enough to feel the responsibility of their stewardship and be led to feel and say that the debt on your Mission building must be paid this year."

A dear friend has sent one hundred dollars toward the payment of the debt, and fifty dollars have been received from other friends.

**A GOOD MAGAZINE.**

**T**HIS will give pleasure to our readers to see some of the kind things that are said of THE CONVERTED CATHOLIC. The New York *Independent*, December 23, 1897, says, "THE CONVERTED CATHOLIC has completed its fourteenth year, and is entering its fifteenth with every sign of prosperity and vigor." To which we may add: its "prosperity" will depend upon the efforts of our subscribers, who, we hope, will not only renew their own subscriptions, but also get new friends to subscribe for it. As to its "vigor," we shall do all we can to keep it up and make the magazine more useful and interesting this year than any of the preceding volumes.

THE CONVERTED CATHOLIC is doing good work among Roman Catholics. A subscriber in California says:

"A Roman Catholic gentleman into whose hand I put some copies of THE CONVERTED CATHOLIC is now asking for more. Will you please send a few copies to Mrs. ——, and she will give them to him. Let us pray that God will show him Jesus Christ as his own High Priest."

Another of our readers, on renewing his subscription, says:

"I not only read the Magazine myself, but hand it to some of my Roman Catholic friends. I must tell you, Brother O'Connor, that I have parted with some other papers and magazines, but cannot give up THE CONVERTED CATHOLIC. It is very interesting to Protestants and an eye opener to Catholics."

A subscriber in St. Louis, when renewing his subscription, sends one for a friend, and says: "THE CONVERTED CATHOLIC is ever a welcome visitor. It is always read with interest and profit; after which it is my habit to send it

where it will do the most good, frequently to Romish priests.

"May God bless you in your good work, and may His people sustain and encourage you. W. M. M."

With a renewal of subscription for himself and also for a copy for a friend, a gentleman in western New York writes: "I am more than surprised at the lethargy of the Americans of this day. In this place, within two years, there have been six instances of Catholics marrying Protestants; in each case they were married by the priest, and several of these persons have gone over to the Catholic Church. But God rules and by and by will open the eyes of these blind Americans. E. W. S."

The most revered Presbyterian pastor in Brooklyn and the longest in years of service in that city, says:

"My Dear Brother:—I enclose my check for \$2.00. Do with the extra dollar as you please, and send me THE CONVERTED CATHOLIC for 1898. I hope the circulation is increasing and that subscribers are prompt in paying for what is so valuable and helpful to Protestants as well as to inquirers among Roman Catholics. The successive issues lose nothing of their Gospel preciousness. And how wonderful the contrast between the two kinds of teaching! Who can wonder that intelligent and sincere souls among the Roman Catholics are attracted by the glorious Gospel of the blessed God when it comes to their knowledge."

"May your bow abide in strength, and the arms of your hands be made strong by the hand of the mighty God of Jacob.

"Yours sincerely,

"JOHN D. WELLS."

Please renew your subscription for this year, 1898.

